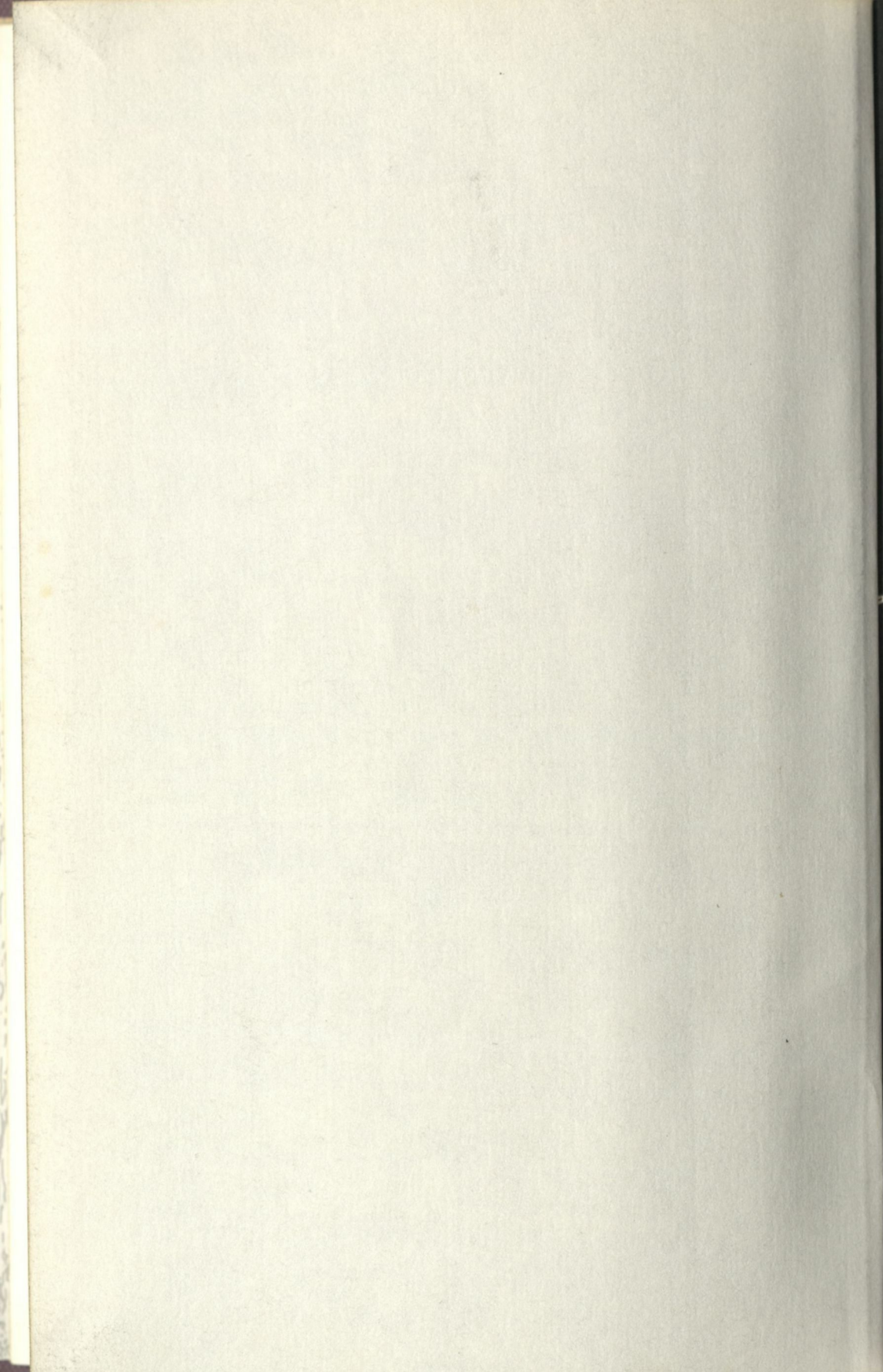




The Wesleyan

January
1906





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BASKET-BALL TEAM, '06

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No. 2

Sinter-Klaas

no. 1 miss. OK

I DO not know whether you will readily recognize this word as the name of the ancestor of your Santa Claus.

Like his American descendant, this good old Dutchman is immortal, and continues to bring joy and gladness to young and old.

His origin is somewhat dark. There has been some controversy whether or not he is the same as the children-loving bishop in Spain, whose name he bears.

Certain it is, that his yearly trip over the housetops and down the chimneys coincides with the day, named for the sainted bishop, Nicolas, December the sixth.

On the fifth, Sinter-Klaas eve, the children put their shoes before the fireplace, with some hay, beans, or carrots for the horse of their expected but never-seen benefactor, and for the donkey which his black servant bestrides.

This takes place with a little ceremony and the singing of some rhyme as:

"Sinter-Klaas, please do
Put something in my shoe
And in my boot, now do!

* * * * *

Thank you, Sinter-Klaas je.

* * * * *

Needless to say, on the next morning the quadrupeds have eaten all the fodder, and the black servant has filled the shoes with goody-goody, while toys of all kinds are not forgotten—that part is much the same as in America. The great difference is in the date. Our friend is modest enough not to have his birthday celebration interfere with Christmas. I must confess that the use of Christ's name in connection with the noisy merry-making, the fable-telling, and the turkey eating of December the twenty-fifth always strikes me, to say the least, as inappropriate.

But you do not want another sermon on that subject. A few more words on the Sinter-Klaas for the older people. This combines, in a way,

the customs of Christmas and Valentine's Day. Presents are sent, but anonymously. It is not considered good taste to find out the giver. Of course, one generally can imagine who sent a certain present, and then meeting the suspected donor, he is asked to convey our thanks for this nice gift to Sinter-Klaas, should he see him. That this gives rise to many an embarrassing situation, you can easily see, and also how the real giver enjoys this. Often, too, a girl knows very well, who sent her the large, rose-colored heart of a candy, which is made for the occasion—but for reasons of her own, she is not willing to tell what she knows, afraid as she is that Mamma would insist on its being returned. The manner in which presents are sent may vary endlessly, and for weeks beforehand brains are racked to find some novel way. Small objects are hidden in a hollow fruit or vegetables, in a loaf of bread or in a box, too large to be brought into the room. Often the addressee finds another name on a second wrap, and the second person a third, almost *ad infinitum*. The selection of the right present is a great consideration. A stripling is sure to receive a chocolate razor, a bald man a miniature hair brush, an old maid the stereotyped "beau." This is made of a special dough, named Sinter-Klaas. Another, made largely of almonds and sugar serves to shape the initials, the customary gift of parents to the larger children. The smaller ones receive their name in chocolate or in still another specialty for Sinter-Klaas, called march-pane.

As I said, you see that the children do not suffer, though their "Christmas" be celebrated in a manner worthy of the name. D. K.

Resolutions

Miss Burden, President of the Senior Class, asked her sister Seniors for New Year resolutions. The following are some of the results:

I have a fixed determination to peruse the entire contents of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and augment my linguistical ability, so that mortals will marvel at the garb of the conceptions that emanate from my sensorium.—LOUESE MONNING.

I resolve to bend all my energies, next summer, towards finding the right man and securing from him a "writ of attachment." In pursuance of this plan I shall travel far and near.—ARGENT BETHEA.

I resolve to remain in single blessedness, and sacrificing my "beau-catching" locks, I will be known as mamma's "Little Lady" and papa's "Sweet Pet."—ANNIE JEAN CULBREATH.

I *will*, I *shall*, get some flesh on my bones, and tip the scales at ninety pounds before I am a year older.—ANNABEL HORN.

I shall eschew all conventions from henceforth, and will neither take charge of public or private papers.—INEZ DAUGHTRY.

If flirting causeth my brother to offend, I will flirt no more while the world stands.—MAIE DELL ROBERTS.

Once more do I resolve to make a dash into the Polar regions, and attempt to discover the heart of the ice-bound Miss Hendry.—OCTAVIA BURDEN.

I resolve to obtain from the faculty a short leave of absence after the issue of each WESLEYAN, in order to escape the howling mob and keep my body intact.—MYRA STUBBS.

I resolve to no more burn the mid-night oil in my pursuit of knowledge, and will endeavor to get some "Bloom of Youth" in my pale cheeks.—LAURA SMITH.

I shall keep in mind Miss E. Burney as the standard of perfection in height and will shape all my endeavors with that end in view.—LOUISE THOMAS.

I intend to follow the old precept, "Children should be seen and not heard," and in the future be not so garrulous as in the past.—LOUIE FENN.

I resolve, when next I attend a banquet, that I will prepare my impromptu toast a week before hand, and will not keep a golden silence when the toast-master says, "Miss Chapman, a toast."—AGNES CHAPMAN.

Out of consideration, Miss Burden has suppressed the remainder of the resolutions, but will give further information to those earnestly seeking for it.

The Confederate Veterans

Only a remnant of soldiers
To the drum beat marching slow;
Dear to the hearts of the Southland,
All honor on them bestow!
The sunlight reverently kisses,
While the soft winds gently play
With the burnt and tattered battle flags
That o'er them wave today.

Only a remnant of soldiers
In our loving hearts enshrined;
Only a remnant of soldiers
By the army left behind.
They're pressing bravely forward
Their last great foe to meet,
And victory awaits their coming—
They've never known defeat.

Onward they march to the river
Their comrades have crossed before,
And they know the signal camp-lights
Of the Army on the shore:
Beyond the surging waters
Freed from the smoke and grime,
They watch for the Remnant crossing
The border river of Time.

C. M. CARTER, '09.

The Veterans' Parade

THOSE who think the men of the South were conquered in the late strife between the states are doubtless those who have never witnessed a Confederate Reunion. Triumph is ever the handmaiden of right, though she stand sometimes over the bier of her hero, it is to write indelibly upon his features the unconquerable spirit of the man within. So beneath the broken and spent forms and careworn faces of the men who followed Lee through the sixties, the casual observer can but discover the indomitable pride of Southern patriotism and the courage which has never yielded one jot or tittle of its convictions.

If one wishes to study human nature, he should take his stand upon the corner of a street where the parade of Confederate Veterans is to pass and then keep his eyes open. What he sees will depend largely upon his own capacity for kindly sympathy and his knowledge of circumstances and events. If he be a Georgian, heart and soul, he perhaps can see what we saw lately in Macon.

Georgia challenges the world to produce a gentleman more chivalrous in spirit, more gallant in manner than the old Confederate soldier. As the girls of Wesleyan College passed them in procession, those old men stood with uncovered heads; their posture and the expression of their faces bespeaking the utmost deference for the womanhood represented. We were reminded of the height upon which woman has always stood in the eyes of the men of the South and fervently prayed that she would ever hold that exalted position in the hearts of coming generations.

If there could be such a thing as a traitor to the Southern cause, we believe the worst punishment his fellows could inflict upon him would be to play "Dixie" in his hearing every day. Many an aged form straightened and many a sad face lightened as that immortal strain rose above the shouts of the people. Men forgot their disabled limbs and faltering steps when the strains of "Dixie" were heard. General Evans, as the veterans marched by, waved his handkerchief and uttered a yell which, when the strength of young manhood was in it, must have struck terror to many a Yankee heart.

And the flags! What shall we say of those old banners, torn by bullets and stained with the blood of our fathers? We stood in respectful silence when we saw them, and only looked around to gather comfort from the fact that all the other girls were crying too. We are glad they

let the little children carry some of these old flags, because they will always carry them in their hearts along with the principles for which the flags stand. For what does the Confederate flag stand? For slavery? No, but for States Rights as embodied in the United States Constitution—those principles of right which have ever been woven in the fabric of American liberty, even those which put strength into the arm of the Anglo-Saxon before he left the German forest—a principle which controls American policy today—the recognition of which must vindicate the South in Northern eyes.

Three cheers for the “boys in gray” and “the bonnie blue flag.”

MYRA STUBBS, '06.

The Myth of the Wiregrass

WHAT we know as the unattractive wire-grass was once the envy of all the flowers. Every blade of the grass was surrounded with tender pink blossoms, very small, but so profuse that each bunch was a ball of exquisite fragrance.

The grass, with many other flowers, loved Apollo, and he showed his preference for her and for the violet above all others; but which of the two he loved better no one knew.

Early one spring, when it still was cold, the wire-grass, already beautiful and sweet, was surprised to see the modest violet, usually too small and delicate for the cold night air, come out of the earth beside her.

It had been the custom of Apollo the spring before to be with them at night after he had turned his steeds over to the evening hours. The violet could not bear for the wire-grass to be with him alone, and so she had braved the cold weather and risked her young life to come out and be with them too. All day long the little violet was happy, but as night approached she trembled with distress at the thought of the chill dews which night would bring. Seeing her anguish and hearing her sighs, the wire-grass was touched. She knew that she could save the violet's life by stooping over her all night and protecting her from the cold, but then Jealousy reminded her of what joy would be hers if the violet were only out of the way; then she would have no rival and Apollo would lavish his affections on her alone. The thought burned into her soul, and in the longing for that love to be undivided, she almost forgot the suffering of

the poor little violet. When nobler thoughts came back to her there was a battle waged between Good and Evil, Self-sacrifice and Jealousy.

* * * * *

After a fierce struggle she stooped gently but resolutely and made the violet content by protecting her from the chill night air. Very soon Apollo approached. He knew nothing of the violet's danger or of the long struggle of the wire-grass, but he did see that the little violet was almost hid by the gorgeous glory of the pink blossoms and he believed that the wire-grass in her selfishness was attempting to conceal her rival from his eyes; so he turned away without speaking to them, or even asking an explanation.

Afterwards Apollo showed a love for the violet far greater than his affection for the wire-grass. No one knew the reason why, but all saw the change.

In the warmth of his love the violet took on a deeper blue and was more beautiful and even more fragrant; but the fierce scorn of the glances shot from Apollo's eyes toward the noble wire-grass took the fragrance from her heart and life. One by one the pink blossoms faded and shattered, till only the hard brown stems were left; and the god himself has never known that his beautiful blue violet owes her life to the unselfishness of the scorned wire-grass.

W. W. ERMINGER, '07.

An Indian Legend

THE flowers have blossomed and faded, the swallows have come and gone many times since the Red man ruled the continent from the northern lights to the southern cross.

Then the Great Manitou smiled on the land around the head-waters of the Alabama and the Tennessee; the smoke of the peace-pipes lingered in the forests, for the great race of the Cherokees ruled in the land. The deer and the buffalo darkened the plains, the fish swam in the pools numberless as the leaves of the trees, for in that time the breath of the Evil Spirit never parched the corn nor dried up the watercourses; mothers never died from fatigue nor little children from famine's withering touch, for the Cherokee was the favored nation of the Manitou.

One day, from the waters out where the sunbeams are born, a white-winged canoe, larger than the canoe of the mightiest sachem, shot through the waters bearing chieftains from the land of spirits. The

Cherokees held back from the banks in fear; what were they to look upon the faces of the White Spirits?

As the birds sought their nests and the deer lay down to rest, the white chieftains sailed away. Then down to the banks of the Alabama South. There where the soft gray moss hung its protecting folds, surely moved the Red men to see what had been brought to the children of the forgotten by the White Spirits. reclined a being more beautiful than any Indian maiden; a maiden from the land of spirits; her eyes as blue as the softest summer skies, her hair as the gold from the hills of the Moqui, her skin whiter than the pearls down where the great river flows into the sea.

Then Katayusti, the great sachem, said that she was the gift of the White Spirits, that now the Cherokee would conquer the earth; so they built her a palace of buffalo skins, hung with softest fur, decked with golden fringes from the Aztec cities, for the Snow Princess.

But the serpent entered their lodges and the Evil Spirit came to one of their young braves and told him that the princess was for him; every look from her clear eyes only fanned the flames of passion in his heart; so he wooed Magnolia, bringing presents daily to win her love,—beads and trinkets, soft hued grasses to weave into baskets, and bright tinted shells for wampum belts. The serpent grew more insistent, driving the young warrior to plead with the princess to leave her adopted tribe and go with him toward the sunset, where a lodge awaited them among the headwaters of the Missouri.

Then she told him that her heart was far across the blue waters, where they often had seen her gazing. The Evil Spirit leaped within him as he hurled his bright tomahawk in the air; there was a cry, yet it seemed to the Cherokees a cry of joy, as the blood oozed from her forehead and the warrior sprang over the cliffs to his death.

Tenderly they buried her, their loved Magnolia, where the sunlight falls; there to sleep the long years through. From her grave a small tree sprouted, but as time passed they thought of other things. Magnolia was forgotten. The Great Spirit was angry with his children; the forest fires came; the drouth followed; disease carried off the Cherokee warriors and strange white spirits came from the north.

The beautiful tree grew; it blossomed; and the white petals came on every side; later the bloom faded, and when the seeds fell they looked like drops of blood. That winter the forests were dyed with Indian blood; the hunting grounds were taken from the Redmen; Manitou had his vengeance.

The war chiefs tell the Cherokee that some day when the white blossoms come, Magnolia shall return to lead them back to their lands; but when the zephyrs steal through the Magnolia branches wafting their fragrance to the Indian maiden, they whisper that Indian women shall one day be free, but that in the land of magnolias a more beautiful flower will blossom a blessing to all the world and it shall be called the flower of Southern womanhood.

VERNON HORN, '07.

Beneath the Mistletoe

A myriad lights were glancing,
And merry feet were dancing,
Retreating and advancing,
 Beneath the mistletoe.

Herself from all excusing,
She in the hall stood musing,
A magazine perusing,
 Beneath the mistletoe.

A step she heard behind her;
'Twas he—he'd come to find her,
And of the dance remind her—
 Beneath the mistletoe.

His strong right arm did seize her,
And gently did he squeeze her,
Then stooped—well to appease her—
 Beneath the mistletoe.

N. MASON, '08.

Downfall of a Confident Senior

(With due apologies to Sophocles for taking liberties with the unities.)

Dramatis Personae.

1. Mrs. Hull, President of U. D. C.
2. Confident Senior, student at Wesleyan.
3. President of Wesleyan, Messenger Extraordinary.
4. Mr. Davidson, friend of confident Senior. Chorus, composed of Daughters of Confederacy.

Scenes of action; Wesleyan College and the Fair grounds, Macon, Ga.

CHORUS:—"O sweetly speaking oracle of Jove * * * We are on the rack in our timorous spirit, quivering with dismay * * Ye gods, for we suffer incalculable miseries, having entrusted a Senior with certain valuable papers which brought woe to us and the honorable body of U. D. C. in convention assembled. While she unthinkingly walked with a friend upon the stage of the Susannah Wesley memorial of 'the oldest woman's college in the world,' little did we think that she would be the cause of our destruction."

MRS. HULL:—Young ladies, do you think these papers are absolutely safe here? They are very important, and if one were lost it would ruin us.

CONFIDENT SENIOR:—No, I should not think they would be.

MRS. HULL:—Then will you please take charge of them? I must have them by 9:30 in the morning.

C. S.—Yes, I'll be glad to take them for you.

MRS. HULL.—Thanks, and remember, tomorrow 9.30.

CHORUS.—Oh why did she, locking the papers in her trunk, repair with the key, to the Fair grounds, in all contentment of mind and exuberance of spirit. Surely the fate were unpropitious; for when at 9:30 the Daughters assembled, feeling their importance in honoring the heroes of the Gray, and filled with love of country to the exclusion of every baser emotion, and it was discovered that the documents in question had not appeared, consternation held high carnival.

MESSENGER EXTRAORDINARY.—Oh, thou more than confident Senior! Did you in the impetuosity of youth, have the audacity to receive from the hands of the distinguished president of the U. D. C. certain papers of intrinsic value, and did you promise to return same in time for this morning's session?

C. S.—I—did—!

M. E.—Why did you not do as you promised? I am surprised beyond measure.

C. S.—I—forgot!

M. E.—'Twill do no good to go now. You have broken up this occasion. They were completely blocked and had to adjourn.

CHORUS.—Oh, forgetfulness! What disasters hast thou wrought in my name! See the distressed maiden charging with clenched fists up and down the pavement. Behold how she pours her tale of woe into the sympathetic ear of a friend.

MR. DAVIDSON.—I am very sorry for you, but I think you are more excited than is necessary. They can find other work to do, and you can return them this afternoon.

C. S.—Oh, woe is me!

MR. D.—Now you must tell her the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Say you forgot it and let *her* say what she will.

CHORUS.—See the convention again assembled. Before the august body stands the confident Senior, bearing in her trembling hands the cause of the catastrophe, an object of the crushing gaze of every Daughter.

C. S.—Friendless and alone, I, wretch, stand before you, unable to vindicate myself, for there is no vindication; not offering an apology, for I have none; not expressing my sorrow, for *that* in truth, were impossible. I only wish to say, 'I forgot.'

CHORUS.—To remember is the first part of happiness. Oh, memory of the dead, forgotten past "be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."



Chinese New Year

AMERICANS might learn many good lessons by visiting China during New Year when good will reigns throughout the Empire and we Chinese enjoy the days of rest that would be a surprise to you ever-hurrying Americans. We take for our pleasure not one day, but fifteen, during which time there is no work done throughout the entire country.

Preparations commence days before, when the merchants begin to balance their books. You Americans, who wait to pay your debts until the sheriff with his warrant is at the door, should take example from these so-called heathen, who never allow a debt to run over until the next year. These few days are busy ones for the merchants, who must go over their books and balance their accounts, while it is a sad time for the poorer class, who are often hard-pressed to obtain money with which to pay debts. This is a flourishing time for the pawn shop owners, since poor people are compelled to sell a good part of their possessions in order to settle accounts and buy necessary provisions for the New Year feasting.

While men are thus settling their business affairs, the women are taking charge of house-cleaning and decorating. Not a speck of dust or dirt is to be left; everything has a cheerful air; vases and flowers are placed in the windows, and mottoes and silk banners, embroidered in gold, flutter gaily from the door posts. The stores are scenes of beauty with their many-hued garments, decorated with golden dragons, for this is a period of dress from the lowest to the highest. On the door posts are mottoes, "foh", blessing; "za", riches or wealth; "zer", long life.

The wealthier class of people send their servants around to their friends, conveying baskets full of good things to eat and wear, sweet-meats, fowls, rolls of silk, and fruits of various kinds. The servants vie with each other for the opportunity of carrying these baskets, as the recipients always present money to the bearer. The rich merchants and best citizens show their good-will to the poorer classes by presenting them with rice-checks, which enable them to obtain rice free at any of the shops.

On New Year's Eve, every one enjoys the display of fire-works and always sits up to welcome the new moon. A great many of the superstitious people have their hair elaborately dressed before the coming of

daylight, and leave it this way through the entire day, otherwise they believe that ill luck will befall them. The American, who so enjoys the Fourth of July, would stretch his eyes in astonishment at the sight of Chinese fireworks. The Chinese children, especially the boys, save all their money to buy fireworks. The Chinese firecrackers are about two inches long and half an inch in diameter, and explode with a tremendous noise. We have a peculiar kind of fireworks, which produce all manner of flaming figures. dragons, animals, stars, flowers, trees, etc. The most beautiful design is a chrysanthemum bush, from which the fiery flowers fall rapidly.

At early dawn, the elaborately dressed children of the house go in to greet their parents, for Chinese children show more respect to their parents than many of the saucy American girls and boys. With bowed heads, folded hands, and bent knees, they do honor to their parents, wishing them happiness, honor, riches. The parents always give them New Year gifts. The daughters-in-law go through the same ceremony.

At the morning meal, they enjoy "Yoch tse", a pastry preparation, filled with meats, which is eaten as much for sentiment as for the fact that it is pleasing to the palate.

During these first few days, the women remain secluded in their homes, while the men and eldest sons make calls and enjoy social pleasures. They present a gay appearance as they begin their round of calls, their gay silken robes making a bright note of color in the streets as they pass in their carriages or Sedan chairs. The marfus or drivers are also elaborately costumed. When they reach the house, quite a ceremony takes place. One of the servants descends and hands in at the door his master's card, a bright red paper adorned with black characters. The host advances to meet the guest, and both prostrate themselves and exchange congratulations. The guest is then ushered in to the house, where after repeated insistence on the part of the host and refusal on his own part, he takes his seat in the place of honor. A servant soon appears with a tray of delicious sweetmeats and tiny cups of tea, containing two olives in each. The tray, or "koe veh me" is of curious shape and contains many little compartments, in which are placed the various sweetmeats. After the refreshments and a short, formal conversation, the guest takes his departure with many prostrations and flowery farewells.

The lower classes simply enjoy themselves as best they may, and always sleep late, which latter privilege would no doubt be enjoyed by college girls.

Usually on the fifth day, the owners of shops and factories invite their employees to big feasts.

By no means the least of New Year pleasures are the marriages that take place. The bride-to-be, if of the wealthier class, is the recipient of six articles of pure gold, while the middle classes content themselves with two articles of gold and two of silver. The first step in the bride's preparation is to have her hair elaborately dressed and ornamented with jewels. She wears on top of all of this a hat loaded with pearls that hang in fringe all around her face and below her shoulders. If she weds during New Year she must wear a robe of red satin. Her *trousseau*, which has been more than a year in preparation, is sent to the bridegroom's home, two or three days before the ceremony. The queer sight is often presented of the streets thronged for several blocks with men carrying trunks, containing the *trousseau* of some wealthy bride.

Only relatives and intimate friends are present at the ceremony. The bride is conveyed to the bridegroom's house in a red sedan chair, decorated profusely with lanterns and odd designs; the chair is borne by eight men, and is often preceded by a band and a procession of friends.

All things considered, New Year is the happiest time of the year with us, and if you want to see true good will and happiness, I invite you to come to China. Leave all your worries and selfishness behind you, and enjoy a really and truly Happy New Year.

E LING SOON, '09.

The Soph's Lament

Broke, broke, broke

On Lamar's ice cream, O Gee!

And I would that my purse could utter

The longings that rise in me.

Oh well for the girl that is flush

That she blows in her money each day.

But sad for the poor man's child—

She is *broke*, when it's time for the pay.

And the long accounts run on

'Till we're face to face with a bill,

Then O for the touch of the vanished coin

And the clink of the money that's nil.

Broke, broke, broke

On a hat and a coat, O Gee!

And the magic spell of the money that's spent

Will never come back to me.

'06.

Cupid and the Press

“PETER! you Peter, if you don’t come here, you lazy rascal, you’ll get every bone in that black carcass of yours broken into smithereens!”

“Heah I is, Marse Dick,” said Peter, a lank negro, whose grinning countenance was yet besmeared with jam, which he had stolen from the pantry.

“You’d better say ‘heah I is’, I’m tired of your foolishness. You think because you haven’t a woman to rule you, you’re safe from my clutches.”

“Dat’s hit’ dat’s hit, a woman sho’ can stir herself erbout and find out everything a poor nigger does. Why don’t you git married, Marse Dick, if you want to keep me straight?”

“A very good idea,” said Capt. Tringall, sarcastically, “if you’ll kindly tell me where to get a wife, I’ll try to oblige you.”

“Won’t Miss Irene do?”

“That old maid! horrors, Peter, she’d rule this place certain, sure, and you and I would have to camp out on the creek.”

“Try de Widow Brant den.”

“No, she’s too fat, and isn’t good looking. No Peter, I’ve thought over all of them, and I don’t know of one I’d be willing to see sitting in my mother’s place at the table.”

“Tell you what, Marse Dick, you might advertise.”

“What in thunder did you say?”

“You might advertise,” said Peter, cautiously edging toward the door, “Ole Sim Tomkins did, and he got de nicest gal wid her pockets just lined wid gold. He put a advertisement in de paper, and den she answered hit, and den he write, and treckley dey git married.”

The captain’s only answer to this speech was to throw a shoe brush at the retiring figure of the grinning Peter. He then strode over to the fireplace, laughing to himself. “The idea of Capptain Richard Tringall advertising for a wife. I can fancy the way it would look—‘wealthy bachelor of the highest standing would like to correspond with educated, refined young lady of excellent family. Age thirty-eight. Object matrimony. Photographs exchanged. Address, Captain Richard Tringall, Caleb, S. C.’ Wouldn’t the men guy me, though? But I’m hanged if I’m not tired of living alone. Before mother died, I did not realize what I was missing, but now to see nothing but servants around—and of course servants can’t fix everything. Why, I can never find a clean handker-

chief nowadays. I believe I WILL put an ad. in the paper sure enough, just for the fun of it. Won't Peter's eyes pop out and stand on stems when I show it to him in print. I certainly intend to do it." So smiling broadly he brought out pen and paper and began to write briskly.

* * * * *

"Well, I'm bored to death and just dying to get into mischief. I feel as if I would dare anything. What shall we do this afternoon, Edith? We're restricted and cannot go anywhere. I wish to gracious you hadn't insisted on making that fudge last night under old Roland's very nose."

"I insist! my dear young lady, you wanted it as much as I did, I'm sure. You needn't say a word. Everything is at cross purposes, and you are a regular old porcupine with all your quills out." So saying, the young lady flung herself into a rocking chair and opened the *Evening Star*.

The room was one of the prettiest at Miss Roland's Fashionable School for Young Ladies, but the fair occupants were in a grumbling mood, though the Madonna on the wall looked down upon them with grave eyes and a little nymph across the room seemed ready to jump from the frame and engage in a frolic with them.

The tiny clock on the mantel ticked away for some ten minutes; when suddenly Edith broke the silence by saying, "Kate Manton, listen to this, 'Wealthy bachelor of the highest standing would like to correspond with educated,' etc.'"

"Well, what of it?"

"You needn't snap so. I only thought we might have some fun out of it. Let's answer it."

Kate sat up suddenly. "Do you mean it, Edith? What would your mother say if you did?"

"Fiddlesticks, she'll never know and I'm dying for something to do. I tell you what, I'll write in Aunt Florence's name."

"What fun! and send your photograph, that one you had taken for the *Annual*, in that beautiful white dress. You never did have on such a *beautiful* expression, it was entirely the work of the photographer; but it will be just the thing to impress the man's love-lorn heart."

"Let's write it now, You get out the photograph, while I hunt up my nice stationery."

"How shall I word it? Do you think this will do?"

"My Dear Captain Tringall.—

"While looking through the columns of the *Evening Star*, I was attracted by your advertisement. I have frequently heard of you, and feel

that a correspondence with you would be pleasant. According to request, I enclose my photograph, which will give you some idea of my personal appearance. My home is in Grantham, but I am spending some time in Concord, Miss. Any letter addressed to me here will be answered with pleasure. Yours sincerely,

"FLORENCE HAMMOND."

Is that stiff and formal enough?"

"Yes, I think so; anyway we'll send it off and see if he answers."

"Won't Aunt Florence be mad when she finds it out, though? I suppose she'll cut me 'off with a shilling,' but I can at least have some fun; if he answers, we can keep up the correspondence and while away the time until Christmas holidays. Luckily, old Roland doesn't pry into our letters."

After some revision the letter was duly sent, and the girls eagerly awaited developments.

* * * * *

Captain Tringall was seated in the library pretending to read, but in reality counting the minutes until Peter should arrive with the mail, and incidentally wording a fiery speech to hurl at him for loitering so long on the way.

When Peter came, he handed some papers, several letters, and an oblong package to the Captain.

Captain Tringall thrust aside the papers and sorted out his letters; he gave a slight exclamation as he reached a small scented envelope with its delicate monogram. "Letter number one, accepting me I suppose, guess I'd better notify Peter to hunt up my 'trousseau.' Meanwhile, I'll see what's in the package.—By Jove, she's a beauty, what beautiful eyes and such a rosebud mouth—she'd look well sitting on the other side of my table or posing as mistress of the Willows. She'd beat Jack Torr's wife all hollow. I'll open the letter and see if it's from the adorable damsel."

His eyes twinkled as he read the letter, and mentally resolved to answer it. He caught himself looking in the mirror frequently and wondering whether the young lady would like him or not; for Cupid's arrow had struck home.

* * * * *

The correspondence was begun, and Miss Roland little dreamed what letters were being sent out from the college. As the Christmas holidays approached, Kate and Edith were discussing the progress of their love affair.

"Shall you write and tell him that it was a joke, Edith? He seems to be such a nice gentleman, I'm afraid we've done wrong."

"No, indeed, I shan't. I'm going to cap the climax with a grand prank, and ask him to call on Aunt Florence at her home, Christmas."

"Edith! you wouldn't dare."

"Won't I, though! Wait and see. I'll tell him that Aunt Florence has decided to accept him and that he must come and see her; then if it's agreeable, they'll marry. Of course, he must come with the license all ready. We'll be spending Christmas with Aunt Florence and won't we have fun, if he does come!"

* * * * *

'Twas the day before Christmas. People loitering around the depot at Grantham saw a well dressed, handsome man of about forty step out of the train, and drive away in a carriage. He stopped at Miss Hammond's door, hesitated a moment, and rang the bell. He wrote a few words on a card and sent it in.

Miss Hammond was in her room, dressed for the afternoon. Her black hair and beautiful complexion made her seem much younger than her thirty years.

"No, Mary, I can't see anyone, I'm going out," she said, as the maid handed her the card. "Wait a minute, though; he says he has an appointment,—Captain Tringall, I don't remember his name, but perhaps he's the man my lawyer said wanted to purchase the East-river land. Tell him I'll see him."

When she entered the parlor, Captain Tringall sprang to his feet, looking a little disappointed, as he did not recognize the counterpart of his photograph.

"You wished to see me, I believe."

"Yes—ah—I—ah—at least I wished to see Miss Florence Hammond," said Captain Tringall, blushing painfully and thinking, "Who can this be? she is too young for the girl's mother; she must be an older sister, and I'll have a time explaining. Why was I so foolish as to put an ad. in the paper."

"I am Miss Hammond," replied the astonished lady. "He doesn't talk much like a business man, thought she, as she added, "What can I do for you?"

"I just—ah—came to keep my appointment—I mean to see the original of your photograph—I liked your letters so——"

The poor Captain, in all the years of his law practice had never before felt his flow of language desert him.

"The man must be crazy. I'll try to humor him until Brother Frank comes— Did you say my letters?" she asked.

"Yes, your letters. You know you asked me to call and see if everything was agreeable to both parties."

"There must be some mistake. Are you sure you have the right name?"

"Quite sure, but here's the photograph," said the Captain, producing it, and feeling that he had made some terrible mistake. What it was, he knew not."

"Edith's photograph! Where did you get it, and where did you meet my niece?"

"Your niece? I've never met her, but you see—"

There was nothing to do except explain; he was an eloquent speaker, and was inspired by his hearer, for already his fickle heart had deserted the maiden of his dreams for this stately, beautiful woman.

Miss Florence, who had a keen sense of humor, laughed as he closed his narrative, and said: "It's some prank of Edith's. I was sure from some words that she and her friend Kate let drop that she had some mischief afoot; but I never dreamed it was as bad as that. They are always playing some foolish prank, but I hope they'll learn a lesson from this."

"Then I suppose I'd better go. I am sorry to have troubled you?"

"No, don't; it would be too bad; I must atone for the child's foolish conduct. Stay to dinner with us and meet my brother and that little wildfire, who played you such a joke. You can make her repent in sack-cloth and ashes. I leave her to your tender mercies. We must seem very angry about it."

"Thank you, I should like very much to stay," he said, simply.

Edith was sent for, and her heart sank as she was confronted by the two stern figures in the parlor. She wished she had never yielded to temptation, and resolved never again to play a practical joke.

"Edith, I hear a queer story from this gentleman; explain yourself, please."

Edith hung her head, and began to stammer out the truth. "You see, Aunt, I was restricted and everybody was cross, and I felt ready to do anything. I saw the ad. in the paper, and knew he was an honorable man; I didn't really think it would be any harm, and I didn't dream of carrying it this far at first. I'm awfully sorry, and will promise never to play another joke if you two will only forgive me. I am so sorry, I truly am."

She was so truly penitent that they forgave her; her aunt administering a few words of advice, showing her that a truly refined girl never answers letters from strange gentlemen, and impressing upon her mind the results that might have followed her foolish act.

The dinner that night was a merry one. To Captain Tringall's delight, he found that his favorite brother had been a college chum of Edith's father.

When he departed he and Miss Florence had become such friends that a correspondence in earnest was begun between them, and the following summer the girls had the pleasure of acting as bridesmaids at a wedding, in which Miss Florence and Captain Tringall were the chief actors.

Thus scored another triumph for the newspaper, since Cupid, discarding his old arrows, has adopted the usual advertising medium of the press, which furnishes everything from pins to wives and guarantees satisfaction, or money refunded.

ANNABEL HORN, '06.

Uncle Remus

"THE SNAP BEAN FARM, WEST END, December 8.

"Dear Miss Wallace,—I know not how I shall ever convey to you my gratitude and appreciation for making my poor little birthday an occasion for celebration by the children of Atlanta. No higher tribute could be paid than this, and I am far from being sure that I deserve it. Yet what a great thing it would be if, after all, I did deserve it!

"I should like to be there. I should be overjoyed to be there—but how can I face the children, their innocence, their sweetness—how can I appear before these little ones without bursting into tears of gratitude; how could I, knowing what they are there for, behold them without making great display of what Brother Rabbit calls his "big boo-hoo?"

I depend upon your wouan's heart, which never fails to know—to sympathize with what I mean and what I feel.

Your grateful and faithful friends,

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"My Dear Uncle Remus:

"We, representing between three and four thousand children, members of the Children's Department, Carnegie Library, wish to congratulate you on your birthday, and wish you many happy returns,

Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox, Br'er Wolf and Br'er Bear visit more homes than any other folk in our library.

Assuring you of our perpetual love and admiration, we are,
Cordially yours,

LOGAN BLECKLEY, JR.

HAUL FOLKS

DOROTHY ARKWRIGHT

EILEEN McCULLOUGH

COLQUITT HOWARD BOYD.

Friday, December the eighth, was the birthday of that friend of the children, Joel Chandler Harris. The children's department of the Carnegie Library celebrated the occasion with appropriate exercises. The children expected to have him present and were greatly disappointed when they received a letter saying that he could not meet with them. However, they wrote a reply forgiving him and congratulating him upon his birthday. To each of the committee whose names were signed he wrote a personal letter.

Joel Chandler Harris was born at Eatonton, December 8th, 1848. As a child he was very fond of reading, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and similar stories having peculiar fascination for him. At the age of twelve, he assisted in printing "*The Countryman*", the first plantation newspaper in the world. When but a youth of sixteen the paper was left entirely in his hands. After the war he was employed on the staff of the *Savannah Morning News*, and later on the *Atlanta Constitution*.

While a boy on the farm at Eatonton he sat at the feet of Uncle Remus, and treasured in his memory those stories which afterward charmed the children of the world. He belongs, not to the writers of culture, but to the writers by impulse of nature and gift of God. He lives, where Lincoln lived, in the rich soil of the common life. "Nights With Uncle Remus" and his other stories are likely to be kept with the real books from American hands when a whole world of cultivated writing shall have passed into oblivion.

Blessed is the child who has heard these stories from a real Uncle Remus, but Uncle Remuses are passing with the old order of things. All praise to Joel Chandler Harris for preserving these stories of nature.

C. E. B.

Uncle Remus' Birthday

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.

The Christmas gun was leveled,
It was the boy's first gun
And he was out for a holiday
And out for game and fun.

Before him, in the bushes,
Br'er Rabbit chewed and sat,
With trembles in his whiskers
And quivers in his fat.

The bright eyes of the little boy
Gazed in Br'er Rabbit's eyes,
And in their depths somewhere he read
A protest and surprise.

And somewhere in his memory
He heard his father say,
"This morn Br'er Rabbit celebrates
Unc Remus' birthday.

"For he has made him famous
With his wit and jolly pranks,
And boys and girls in all the land
Will join in giving thanks

To that good man who hovers
By a fireside far away
And writes for little ones to read
How little rabbits play."

And somewhere in this memory
That stirred the boy's mind
Rose up the happy evening hours
In the cottage left behind;

THE WESLEYAN

When the father read the stories
Uncle Remus dreamed and wrote,
Which all the children know by heart
And all the old folks quote.

Then quick the gun was lowered,
The hammer quick let down,
And quick the gun was standing
Its butt upon the ground;—

And the little boy was smiling
Through the moisture in his eye,
And wond'ring if he ought to laugh
Or if he ought to cry.

"I didn't know 'twas you," he said,
"I like ter shot er friend;
I'll go and look for kildees
On the sandbar 'round the bend."

Br'er Rabbit did not linger
To utter any thanks;
His whiskers ceased to tremble,
A wave went down his flanks.

He took his left hind graveyard foot
Up in his good right hand,
Spat once, and getting busy
He traveled down the land.

That night beside his little bed
The boy's head was bowed,
And in the middle of his prayer
He stopped and laughed aloud.

And here I end the story
Of a good man's bright birthday,
And the little boy that had to laugh
While trying hard to pray.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Editorial Department

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EDITH MARTIN, '08.....	
VIRGINIA BROWN, '09.....	

[The editor very gladly gives her space to Rev. C. R. Jenkins.]

Surely every student attends college with a strong determination to attain to the highest possible degree of culture. Many of us, however, neglect some of the most potent factors in personal development. We recognize the importance of the text-book and appreciate the character and learning of the teachers, accepting gladly the contributions that each makes to our education; but we are frequently careless of other educative influences in the college life.

**Whom Do
You Know?**

The college is a little world within itself, a better world than the great one without—not a world teeming with commerce and the mad rivalry of varied enterprises, but a world of human life, disposition, character, and talent so compact that we can affect and be affected by the whole.

A country that "lives unto itself" is barbarously weak and ignorant. An exclusive social set out of touch with the great masses become comical ignoramuses. A royal lady's suggestion during a wheat famine, that the poor save their flour by eating cake instead of biscuit does not show that she was an imbecile, but it does show that she lived in a different world from the poor. The individual ascetic may live with books and with nature, he will be none the less a ruffian. God meant that we should know each other, and be helped by each other. A great scholar once said that he would not even allow a hack-man to drive him across town without learning what the fellow and his companions were thinking about and talking about in their social realm. The scholar, of course, soon knew men.

In college there is great danger of having a few artificial friends, made for us by mere contiguity of rooms in the dormitory, or of seats at the table, or by mere class lines, etc., and of our being content with these instead of seeking the acquaintance and fellowship of the student body. We ought to know every girl and then determine our best friends by natural affinity, governed by admiration. The highest happiness of association cannot come from artificial friendship. Where nature knits two such souls the union is easy and joyous. When their own will knits them regardless of congeniality and well founded admiration the union is strained and cannot give the deepest joy. Friendship made by circumstances cannot endure. Our real college friends will be true through life; the artificial will soon forget us, and as quickly be forgotten.

If admiration for lofty intellects and characters be the tie, friendship will be a mutual blessing. If there be no tie, but some contiguity it cannot be a blessing and may prove detrimental. We should then know the student body—if possible know every individual, her disposition, ambition, mental equipment. We should learn all we can from each. We should contribute all we can to the good and happiness of each. Our strongest attachments, then, should be to the best—those whom we can love for their strength of mind and heart, for their real superiority of character and endowment. This is by no means a task too difficult. Many a young man has accomplished it where the students were not compact in a dormitory. God gave them the world of human nature in a college and they graduated in the knowledge of it, without loss of time from studies.

There are ever widening opportunities for college women. They need to know many things that their fellow students can teach them. Now is the time to learn.

If we desire to be contracted, bigoted and ignorant we can well accomplish it by narrow and exclusive acquaintance. If we prefer to be broadminded, noble, useful and intelligent, we must acknowledge ourselves debtors to all of their social, religious and mental uplift; we must lay every one under contribution to our own development.

Wesleyan girls, especially, in and out of college, should constitute a great sisterhood. We are proud of the grand old institution. We are proud of our many and noble alumnæ. We are thankful for a large, lady-like, loyal student body. With a deeper love for God, the church, the college and each other, let us enter into the new year with a most earnest spirit of mutual helpfulness.

Athletic Department

MAIE DELL ROBERTS.

"It must be accepted as an axiom that there can be no such thing as perfect health unless enough outdoor exercise is taken."

The gymnasium is to be better equipped this year than ever before. Among the new additions that have already arrived are the chest weights and the Swedish gymnastic bars. It is to be hoped that the girls will take more interest in this department hereafter. Indoor as well as outdoor exercises, should be practiced. Much depends upon both; "the best development of the later life is related to the best development of the earlier life."

In this issue, we have a picture of the Senior basket-ball team. With the exception of one girl, the line-up is the same as that of the Junior team of last year; so good work is expected of them.

The basket-ball grounds have been fixed and the different teams have begun to practice with such a zest that there is much conjecture as to which one will carry off the pennant this year.

The Senior challenged the Juniors for a match game on December the fourteenth, and the Juniors refused to accept the challenge on the ground that their new men had not had sufficient practice; a practice game was played instead.

The basket-ball season at Wesleyan would have opened with the above mentioned game, but was postponed for a few days. The schedule for December was

Seniors vs. Juniors—December 15, 1905.

Sophomores vs. Specials—December 16, 1905.

The race track has been completed and although the regular races will not take place till the Spring term, the girls have begun to get into training. Mr. Guerry was one of the first upon the scene of action, and we hope he will not give out before the next Spring.

The tennis courts are as popular as ever, and Wesleyan will turn out some champion players this year. I say this as a word of warning to our sister colleges in the State, because we expect to challenge them in the near future.

"We must not neglect the play-impulse in human nature which, according to Schiller, is the foundation of all art. Meet Nature on the cricket ground or at the regatta; swim with her, ride with her, run with her, and she gladly takes you back once more within the horizon of her magic, and your heart of manhood is born again into more than the fresh happiness of the Lord."

Book Critic

DAISY WILCOX, EDITOR.

Eugene Lyle's *The Missourian* is genuine melodrama. One finds it hard to believe that the writer takes himself seriously. The *Literary Digest* calls it *opera bouffe*. There are agonizing situations and romantic episodes galore. The hero, Din Driscoll, is a young Confederate colonel, who had fought in Gen. Jo Shelby's valorous regiment, and at the close of the war offered himself and his comrades to Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. As a hero he is weak, but is always interesting. The story proceeds amid the scenes of the Mexico of Maximilian, and there is a bizarre mixture of old Mexican life, Napoleonic intrigue, tragic Hapsburg weakness and American diplomacy. The real interest centres about Jaqueline Marquise d' Aumerle, maid of honor of the Empress Carlotta, who has come as Napoleon's agent to serve Mexico for France. She is a veritable sphinx, an impassible being, ever creating impossible situations.

The book has fine points, and many of them, appearing in nearly every chapter. The descriptions of natural scenery are excellent. The delineation of character, even of the impossible characters like Jacqueline, is strong and striking. Fine feeling is evinced in the description of Carlotta's death and the crumbling of the sands under Maximilian's feet. One cannot put away the feeling of hopefulness, that from such a beginning as Mr. Lyle has made in this first book, will come stronger and nobler literary products.

IOLE.

Iole comes as a recent proof of the versatility of the author, Robert W. Chambers. In it he has departed from History as a basis and given us a charming satire, with love and laughter as chief motifs.

The book takes its name from the second of the eight lovely pink "pajama girls of innocence and naivette." The wily poet, their father, who is continually prating at the simple life, has no equal as a match maker.

Mr. Chambers, in mating five couples in one hundred and forty pages, has accomplished what novelists generally require several hundred pages to work out. The incidents are unusual and startling. The maidens are hopelessly fair, and the men, improbably susceptible. Yet, withal, the author leaves an impression of reality.

It has been said of Mr. Chambers that his works are popular perhaps "because his men are all of the sort that men would like to be, and the women, what women like to think they are."

Art Department

NANNALINE KING, ART EDITOR.

HOKUSAI.

Japan has given many names to the world of art, but none greater than that of Hokusai, the last and most brilliant figure of a progress of more than ten centuries—the exuberant and exquisite product of a time of profound peace and incomparable refinement.

It was from the fountain-head of China that he first drank; then he absorbed the traditions of the great schools of the country; his progress through these epitomizing the theory of evolution until he reached "Ukiyo-ye," literally the "Floating World," which from picturing the gay world of fashion and folly caused him to be despised by the disciples of Confucius and Buddah. But the people when they beheld themselves and their daily life reflected by him with such spiritual rendering, regarded him from the standpoint of Buddahism as the crowning glory of previous incarnations, and as one sent to liberate art from the shackles of tradition.

Hokusai's individuality and independence of style was a source of such displeasure to his masters, that it resulted in their refusal to teach him, thus beginning a struggle for the roving artist, who was without money and influence.

Although a waif, eking out a meagre existence in the streets of Yedo, he was constantly studying and seizing the best ideas from all the schools. On national holidays, when sight-seers of every station of life thronged the park, a splendid opportunity for study was given him. It was on one of these occasions that the wonderful genius of Hokusai was revealed to the eyes of the people. Crowds gathered around him and gazed spell-bound with wonder as the marvelous pictures grew under the deft fingers of the artist. They watched with delighted curiosity, while he sketched landscapes upside down, with an egg or bottle, or anything that came to his hands, and the great fame of Hokusai grew out of one of these tricks. A mere trick, unworthy of genius, one might say, but he knew that this would arouse and impress the people more than any display of his knowledge, for the Japanese are childish in their love of novelty and amusement. Hokusai's work consisted in illustrating books, poetry, comic albums and accounts of travel. He was an apt pupil for a term of four years in the school of engraving, which enabled him to rapidly detect any inaccuracy in his workmen.

"The master has tried to give life to everything he has painted and the joy and happiness so faithfully expressed in his work are a plain proof of his victory."

Gustave Geoffrey truly says of the genius of Hokusai,—*"In the master we recognize the creator. He feels the mystery of the birth of mountains, the pulsation of the universe, the life of ocean, and in a frenzy of creative power beneath his hand the curved crests of foaming waves break into life flocking into countless sea-birds born of the froth of the ocean."*

The declining years of Hokusai's life are full of pathos. In his eighty-ninth year, in spite of his poverty, he was so devoted to his art he clung to life, and even upon his death-bed he was heard to say, *"If heaven would only grant me ten more years—or even five more years—I could have been a real painter."*

Local Department

MYRA STUBBS, EDITOR.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

"Young ladies, Wesleyan *Female* College is a grand old institution, the oldest woman's college in the world."—*DuPont Guerry*.

"When it's right down here in black and white, I don't see how you overlooked it."—*Bonnell*.

"You have that very clearly in mind."—*Chapman*.

"You can't, to save your life, conceive of such a thing."—*Jenkins*.

"Now let us recapitulate. Young ladies, please go in the order in which I call you."—*Hinton*.

"The next ten pages, girls."—*Poſſe*.

"I am from Missouri; as I have sometimes told my classes, I have a brother in St. Louis."—*Forster*.

"Oh, how perfectly dandy!"—*Westlake*.

"Young ladies of Wesleyan, why will you throw away your opportunities?"—*Bonnell*.

"If you are obliged to talk, you may be excused"—"Exactly so!"—*Koets*.

SOME FABLES.

THE POPULAR GIRL AND THE PRESIDENT.

A Popular Girl stole two oysters and a piece of olive. As she stood there Eating it, the President of the College chanced to pass by; and looking up, saw her.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself," he said, "but I will Sit On you in Study Hall."

We learn from this fable to be on our guard when tasting forbidden pleasures.

THE CUTE GIRL AND THE GIRL WHO WAS NOT CUTE.

Once there was a Cute Girl and there was also a Girl who was Not cute.

The Cute Girl had three Diamonds, two Frat Pins and a Brother who went to the University.

The Girl who was not Cute had Straight Hair, Freckles and a Medal from the High School for General Excellence.

The Cute Girl used to go to the other girl's room and get her Composition written and her Math worked.

But one day there was an Examination, and the Cute Girl Flunked. Self help is the best help.

THE RESTRICTED GIRLS.

Some girls who were displeased at being Restricted took upon themselves to go down Town. Not being able to get Permission, they set to work to rule the College. But long before they attained the desired end, the Faculty gave them Leave of Absence.

Never attempt the impossible.

Miss Pope—What did Roger Williams do?

Laura Smith—Why—er—er— He founded the Methodist Church.

Marilu Beckham (from the depths of a rain-coat, at 7:05 a. m.)—Girls, don't think I have a chill this morning.

The Seniors have begun a new annotated edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica, to exceed in volume all previous editions.

Mrs. Burkes—What makes folly funny?

Agnes Orgain—A Clown.

Prof. Jenkins (after an especially bad lesson)—Young ladies, if you have an excuse, please present it, if not, get it.

The generosity of Carnegie as compared with that of Bell, sinks into insignificance. Ask Elizabeth Hollis where she got that pretty kimono.

The inter-frat of the Senior class, "Imps" has been reorganized and all Wesleyan can look out for the pranks of these girls of '06: Argent Bethea, Tommie White, Laura Smith, Eliza Hill, Nona Hendry, Maie Dell Roberts.

White: "My, but I dread the Senior banquet."

Hendry: "Why?"

White: "Well, you know I am court-of-arms of the class; so I'll have to be toastmaster."

Flunker: "But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Prof.: "No sir, neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give. Good day.—*Yale Record*."

Advice to Girls

[The Editor of this department will be glad to answer any question of general interest; or in cases where it is impossible to do so, to refer the questioner to the proper authority. Questions must be handed in not later than the 10th of each month.]

Please tell me the easiest way to avoid being called on in Psychology.
Jennie Riley.

We have found the most effectual plan is to learn the lesson perfectly. This has never been known to fail.

Please inform me as to the most expedient method of procedure should I be called on in any study and not know a word of the lesson.—Annabel Horn.

We refer you to Miss Laura Smith as the most competent authority we can cite.

I have never had up a case with anybody, and just for the novelty of the thing, should like to try it. Please tell me how to proceed.—Temmie Chambliss.

We strongly advise against cases of all kinds, having noted their ephemeral nature, and fatal endings.

Will you please tell me how to stop growing?—Ethel Harrell.

If the correspondent will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, we will take pleasure in sending a prescription which we have found very effectual.

Kindly tell me the meaning of Louese Monning's big words.—Maybelle Jones.

Miss Inez Daughtry can give you information on the subject.

We have observed that the college is divided into two classes, borrowers and lenders. For the protection of the lenders we suggest a union which could regulate terms and limits of lending. On each lender's door might be posted a catalogue of this sort:

1. Postage stamps must be returned within the month.
 2. Cigarette hats lent at 25c per hour.
 3. Sunday hat at 50c.
 4. Matches and pins settled for weekly.
 5. Broom positively not to be lent between 7:00 and 8:30 a. m.
 6. Persons borrowing Theory and Harmony note-books while occupant is out of the room will kindly favor same by leaving a card stating who has the book or where they may be procured at the end of the week.
 7. The undersigned will lend herself upon urgent demand for
Composition Writing,
Reading Latin,
Pinning dresses,
Chaperoning parties going shopping, provided that she receive just compensation. Will also attend Feasts for very small recompense.
(Name.)
-

If Mr. Jenkins asks where the lesson begins, it's no sign he hasn't studied it. Probably it's to see if you know.

Do the Sophomores know how to entertain? Well, we think so! Haven't you heard about the banquet to the Seniors? It was a real, sure enough banquet, but not oppressively formal and ceremonious as banquets are in danger of becoming. Everybody had a grand time.

We know there are artists among these Sophs, because the parlors were so tastefully decorated. The newspapers sometimes say palms, ferns, smilax, cut flowers when it isn't so; but we had them at the Sophomore banquet, and in profusion, too.

The place cards can be described by but one word, which, begging Mr. Guerry's pardon, we will use. They were "Cute"; and to a school-girl

this means the epitome of all excellence. They bore the following menu:

	Oranges	
	Boiled Pompano	
Saratoga Chips		White Pickles
	Hot Rolls	
Chicken Salad		Tomatoes, Mayonaise
Ice Cream		Cake
Cheese,	Coffee,	Mints.

Miss Ruth Hopkins made a most efficient toast-master and those who responded with toasts mingled sparkling wit with delicate compliments to the enjoyment of all. Miss Maybelle Jones gave the following to the Seniors:

Our Seniors and Our Guests:

This is indeed a solemn banquet and in one sense a dry one, but by no means dry in another sense. We have no need for the test that was needed in ancient days.

"He is not drunk who from the floor
Can rise again and drink once more,
But he is drunk who prostrate lies
And cannot either drink or rise."

But now tonight we have come together to eat and drink the everlasting happiness and perpetual health of the truest, the noblest, the smartest, the prettiest, the grandest, the best, or the happiness and health of *our* Seniors of nineteen six.

Miss Octavia Burden responded with the following:

1. I drink to this Rose,
With its petals of gold.
Sun kissed into beauty and life;
An emblem of Love,
A tribute in name to France's great hero in strife.
2. I drink to "*these buds*"
Of blushing hue,
God-given and tended with care,
With the light of His love in each of your hearts,
And the gold of His truths hidden there.
3. May the buds of promise,
Fulfill in the rose
The hopes the Gardener may hold,
And year by year with his patient care,
New wealth of beauty unfold.

Translation of Latin verse as announced in last issue:

Mollis abuti
 Moll is a beauty
Hasson acuti
 Has an acute eye
No lasso finis
 No lass so fine is
Molle divinis
 Mollie divine is
O mi dea amestres!
 O my dear mistress!
I mi nadis tres!
 I'm in a distress
Cantu disco ver
 Can't you discover
Meas alo ver?
 Me as a lover?

We had a joke on Miss Bairnsfarther, but everybody knows what it is, and she objected so strenuously we did not put it in.

JUNIOR LOCALS.

Miss Pope (in English History Class)—Miss Moseley, can you tell me what was founded at Oxford in —?

Miss Moseley (with an air of assurance)—~~The Beta Chapter of The~~ Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.

Miss Claire Fletcher spent several days of last month at her home in Forsyth.

Senior (studying Botany)—What is a parasite?

Junior (with deepest scorn)—A person that lives in Paris, of course.

Ask Miss Branham for her pronunciation of the word *deign*.

Ada Sams—Claire, do you remember anything about The Last Days of Pompeii?

Claire Munroe (hesitatingly)—Yes, I think I remember what Pompeii died of. Wasn't it some sort of eruption?

Miss Caro Twitty enjoyed a visit from her mother during the month of December.

Ethel Dekle (gazing at a picture of the Pharisee and the Publican)—
Girls, please tell me which one is the Republican?

The New Year resolution which will be perhaps the hardest one to keep is the one found in Miss Willie Erminger's diary, and reads as follows:

Jan. 1st. Resolved that I will positively not use slang. *Positively.*
I will absolutely stick to this resolution—*absolutely.*

SOPHOMORE.

EDITH MARTIN, EDITOR.

The Sophomores entertained the Seniors at a banquet on Saturday night, December ninth. The classes were delightfully serenaded by the Specials, while at the table.

Tune (Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow)

"Picture tonight the cloth of snowy white,
There's where the Specials long to be,
We long there to be with classes dear to me
In with the girls we've loved so long."

Tune (Railroad Song.)

"We've been waiting out at Wesleyan all the live long day
To receive an invitation
Just to pass the time away.
Don't you Freshmen wish you're Seniors
Then you would take the day.
Wait awhile you little Freshmen,
Then you can have your "say."

Tune (Tammany.)

Wesleyan-Wesleyan
Sophs entertain big class tonight
Sophs entertain big class tonight
Wesleyan-Wesleyan
'06-'08'06-'08
Wesleyan.

Annie Kirkland—Bessie, whose picture is that?

Bessie White—General Lee's.

Annie K.—I thought his face looked familiar.

Temmie Chambliss (over the 'phone)—Yes, send up one dozen oranges C. O. D., cash on delivery. I'll pay the man at the door.

JOB'S COMFORTER.

Maie Dell—Jones, you aren't sick; you are just playing off.

Louese Monning—Maie Dell, don't ever tell anybody that they are playing off. I told a lady that, and she died, too.

Fresh.—I do wish that Thanksgiving had come on Sunday this year so I could have gone home.

Miss Hall (in Rhetoric Class)—Is Miss Jones absent today?

Edith Lockhart—I don't know whether she is absent or not, but she isn't here.

Misses Ruth Martin and Alice Johnson were the guests of Miss Edith Martin for several days last month.

Fleurine Hatcher (at dinner)—Martha, pass me the "rooster" sauce.

Martha—"Well, if that's not the limit, if the "worsted sauce" wasn't right by me I wouldn't know what you wanted.

Fleurine Hatcher—I'm a child of the Confederacy now; but when I'm grown I'm going to be a daughter of the D. A. R.

Julia Coney—Yes I think I'll write to my papa tonight for a change.

Isobe! Lyle—You mean you are going to write to papa for some change.

Maie Dell Roberts—Isobel have you studied Political Economy yet?

Isobel Lyle—No, not yet, we take up Economics after Xmas and then Political Economy.

Elizabeth Baldwin: "I've already been at Wesleyan three years and by the time I leave I'll be a regular *land-lord*."

Miss Ruth Cunningham entertained at a delightful course dinner on Thanksgiving night in honor of her guest, Miss Emile Briggs.

Misses Louise Erminger, Martha Ryder and Edith Martin made short visits home last month.

FRESHMAN.

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH BROWN, EDITOR.

"Hurrah, hurrip, hurree,
Fine frenzied Freshmen we,
We're all in line,
And marching fine,
To get our diploma in nineteen-nine."

Beyer—Willie what are you going to say in your recital?

Willie—Enoch Arden.

Beyer—Oh, yes, by Longfellow.

Miss Sarah Lee Thornton made a short visit to her aunt at Fort Valley last week.

Prof. Forster—Miss Ruby, who generally gives the bride away in a wedding?

Ruby (promptly)—Why the bride's maid of course.

Mr. C. C. Brown, of Bainbridge, made a very pleasant visit to his daughter Virginia, a few weeks ago.

Ask Gussie Adams why she likes to study about the "Normans."

Sophomore (seeing a fire-engine returning from fire),—O! look at the steam-piano. Mister, won't you play us a piece?

"Cupid" has not been carrying many messages to "Son Riley Rabbit" lately. Ask Miss Manelle Forster why.

Y. W. C. A. Department

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WILLIE ERMINGER
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LOUESE MONNING
MAYBELLE JONES

Our president, Miss Eliza Hill, who has recently been ill, has returned from a short visit home. We are glad to have her among us again.

During the third week of November, our Y. W. C. A. joined the organization throughout the world in observing "The Week of Prayer." The talks during this time were on "Power."

We took advantage of the Baptist Convention which met in this city a short while ago to have Dr. Millard of Atlanta with us. His splendid talk was on mission work in Brazil.

Mr. Guerry has laid the question of changing our meeting place for the old Art Hall, before the organization. After consideration we have decided to remain in our present quarters.

The members of our association have accepted an invitation from the Y. M. C. A. to take charge of a meeting in their hall. The occasion will probably be during the week before the holidays. Vocal and instrumental solos, with a talk from Prof. Hinton will form several features of the program.

We enjoyed talks from Mrs. White and Miss McLynn on two evenings of last month.

There has been a slight increase of attendance at vesper services.

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife:

Because I lift my head above the mist
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow
By every ray and every rain drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow:

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne for Christ's dear sake?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve
To curse myself and all who love me?
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back He makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take His slightest gift, no fears,
Nor doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear and when the clouds are past
One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last,
Will sound His voice of cheer.

—Selected.

Exchange Department

ARGENT BETHEA, EDITOR.

Exchanges come forth in review—
 The *Wesleyan* wants to see you:
 The *Emory Phoenix* first we find,
 A cinch on poetry to our mind.
 Should radium pierce our little brain,
 To *Mercerian's* height we may attain.
Aurora comes in the early morn
 Short stories her pages to adorn.
 When football times are past and gone
 We hope the *Tech* will change its tone.
Brenau's debate is just the thing
 To college papers the truth to bring.
 Oh! *Clemson* to the South is true;
 Her loyalty should inspire you.
 Our work piles up in such a way
 We'll say the rest another day.

How many would-be poets are there at Emory? We are astonished at the number of poems in the November number of the *Phoenix*, and some of them are very good, indeed. "My Dreams" is especially so; and as for "*Vivit, Non Mortuus Est*," it is decidedly above the average college poem, and some of the philosophy it contains is excellent. "He lives most true who denies himself for others' gain." Of course, "My Mother" is enjoyed by all. "Thoughtlessness, Some Evidence and Tendencies" is one of the best and strongest articles in any of the recent exchanges, and the plea is worthy of its subject. Some of the points stressed by the author are well worth remembering and the world would almost be a Utopia if people would only realize that "No man liveth unto himself, but under the most favorable conditions each one is in some degree dependent upon others." The *Phoenix* contains another fine sketch, "What Is Truth?" The author shows a clear conception of his subject and has a most happy manner of expressing his thought. The Editorial Department is well gotten up, and the opening paragraphs, on account of their brevity, immediately attract one's attention, and prove to be pithy and to the point. As for the Exchange Department, if the Editor gains in sarcasm in the future as he has in the past, we will really be afraid to have our humble

attempt at a college paper pass into his hands; for the criticisms in the October number are very mild in comparison to those in the issue for November.

A conductor put a Freshman off the train and said,
"The color line must be drawn, my little maid:"
The reason for this may be quickly seen—
That Freshman was so very, very green.

Though the cover of the *Palmetto* does not impress one as very college-like, yet the contents of this number are especially good, and "The Freedman" is one of the best pieces of fiction in any of the magazines we have hitherto received. It is somewhat longer than the stories in the ordinary college journal, is well written, and the plot is turned in an entertaining way. It is by far the best thing in the *Palmetto*; for everything else is short. "An Unfinished Holiday" is a story which immediately arouses the sympathy of the reader, and the author was fortunate enough to know just when to close his narrative. There are two short poems in the issue, though neither of them deserves much praise.

The *Aurora* for November contains some very good material and the two essays, "Erasmus and the Reformation" and "The Humor of Terence" are fine. The author of the first article not only presents her subject in an attractive manner, but the style is especially clear. "The Humor of Terence" is also a commendable sketch,—strong, clear and convincing. "The Fortier Coat of Arms" is a story with a very unusual plot, and though the style is not good, yet the conversation of the mad woman is the redeeming feature, and the description shows real skill. There are several shorter stories in this number,—"A Queer Package" is a typical school-girl story and has no strong point. Not very many care to read a dry, monotonous description of a house occupied by even a Hawthorne or an Emerson, but "An Incident Worth While" is free from all heaviness, and is written in a charming manner. "Me Und Mine Frederick" is very good, so far as the dialect is concerned; but, alas! when it comes to the plot of the story, for what little plot there is proves to be most improbable. Nevertheless it is really humorous and some one has said that he who can make one laugh is a true philosopher. "A False Alarm" is a typical April Fool's story, and is not worth much. "On the Rio Grande" is a fine bit of description.

Recently there has been a general criticism against college papers for containing too much fiction; but this charge can not be laid at the *Clem-*

son Chronicle's door, at least not for the November number; for it has only two stories, neither of which could be classed as "only a silly love story." "Walker's Victory" is good, but not so interesting as "A Revolutionary Reminiscence," which tells of the pluck and courage of a Southern girl in saving the life of her lover. Many of the articles are relative to the South and the Southern people, and "The Commercial Progress of the South" is an instructive study of the conditions in the South. "The Patriotism of the Southern People" is excellent, and the article is written in such a way as to keep one's interest alive. "Should College Students Have a Part in College Government?" is a strong plea for the self-government system, though the author very impartially presents both sides. The Editorial Department is very good, and the Editor discusses briefly and concisely several interesting topics. We agree most fully with the *Criterion* in saying that no magazine is ever complete without a poem.

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